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## *under* the analphabête series

under g

gash

we're sewn shut, not a pore left to breathe in or out, in and out, in to out, all breathing now internal, solipsistic air, carbon air, dead air. kitty joins us under the covers, clawing at whatever's left. shade of a shade, obscured hemorrhage, bled novel.

glacier

tonight: tomato in block of ice held in my mouth until they melt, the tomato becomes a bloated tongue, fleshy, lips amplified.

grip

walk to the nearest window. count to thirtythousand. return. write. impatience counts me out. it runs away. runs away without even looking. no looking out, just looking in. blind as a bat. don't. disturb. I am not able to tell myself anything. shut the window, stale the air, and heat it up. make the room suffocate.

Gotham

Dumbo here staring at Wall Street across the river, I'd like to lick your stock, devalue it. I'd like to crash your system. parse me, packet me in there, tcp/ip me in there. I'd like to serve you my other tongue.

goodbye

a kind of gaping hole is in me when we're not in touch, or I guess the hole is always there, agape, a gap, but dry when it is not fed, a body further and further holed, of the holes some heal, retract of their own, some defect and infect, others ebb, holes as inverted limbs, limbs in reverse, extensions that go inside.

glyph

whenever touch is in uncharted territory we shiver. we become translucent and luminescent. we dilate. varicosed hieroglyphs.

grandmaster flash

quotations break the lineage and are themselves broken off of lineage, they jar the tenses, they are polysemic activists, they are the deejays of the text, they manipulate us in turn, they stalk.

grammar

every kind of despair emanating from every pore. a censored revolution, a momentary relapse.

guide

two inside out upside down people. upside out and inside down. positioned so as to be positionless, positioned on points rather than lines, or lines becoming points, or when you point you are no longer there. the destination, always already set at point of departure. the inertia of the line, ended. derail, she said.

under d

disease

it's the only thing that lets you know you have a body. microbes, bacteria, viruses, bad genes have their way with you. list your lover here. instances of the body amplified, the lover disease. they invite themselves. they come over. they inside you. the ravishing of leprosy, the ravishing of a lover. a healthy body a healthy mind, figments. the disease might be in hibernation inside, or kept at bay outside. for a while. but it's only waiting not to be invited. it outsmarts you. you are the subject of the disease. the disease is the author. the author lover. it writes you. and you can't read.

damage

it's never going to happen, it has always already happened. damaged. and damaging. closed loop. health report: do you feel pain when you think of me? damage report. don't smile. think of revenge. with exponential force. all this an investigation, with scientific precision. scalpels are sharper than anything. you can't get deeper any faster. forced, forcing.

demands

hand jobs, blow jobs, nine to five jobs. the roof of the mouth is anxious.

discourse

it runs its course.

detraction

I used to say "Every book is a failure to open the mouth" now I think "Every mouth is a failure to open the book."

distance

the measure of everything, it sounds far away even when it's next to you. in time, it stumbles over itself. you can't take enough distance to get away from distance. you are measured. even in all your excesses. your transgressions are every inch a measure. your escape is planned. but you have no plan, you want out.

dissymetry

entry point to an exit, distance between the far and near, over there is always here once you're encircled, how to point at yourself without a mirror, without an echo. I am over there always here, observing myself observe.

digestion

I don't care, if I get mauled, maimed, chewed, bitten, pierced. I want to be eaten and digested. but I want to remain whole. down the tract of the beast and out the hole of the ass still one. like me but dirtier, smellier. visiting the innards I will take bites of my own, through the throat, the stomach, the intestines. I will leave my mark, I will taste the insides. I will know my killer inside out. I will love my killer for choosing me as prey. I will scare so easily it will scare back. I will be such a willing victim that the will will no longer apply.

dentistry

I will never open my mouth wide again.

dry

I have no fluids. I flood. dam the dry walls. It is all too clear: when you hydrate you are social text, when you dehydrate you are on your own.

under m

momentary

escape by standing still

murmur murder

all I need is a loudspeaker to make the suicided speech and I'm all bones.

mother

I live in mouth

I crack my back

my father's back

maim

ages and ages pass subtle before we realize that we die and not even screaming alters the intersection.

musique concrète

face, that sensorial emitter-receiver center, that radiation, that sheer naked.

up close, yourrhythmyface, lyours.

under i

incontinence

the last continent, the fluid territory that lasts, the final release as your body expires its i.

in vacuo

it is not a question of speaking in different tongues but of speaking in the same tongue tuned to different forks.

image

beckett licking his mud lips.

idiosyncrasy

autocracy for idiots.

i

eye.

injure

deficient eyelids. we can see with our eyes closed under bright light. the lids leak. my imagination can see anything I might try to shut out. trauma enters your head from the inside. I can't shut my eyes like I can shut up. leakyeyes. yes to no words, no to yes words. really the body has no lid. it can't hide. can't run far enough, fast enough.

ideomotor

my hands grip the entire bone of my face.

ingredients

(1) tactics for the post-digital voice (2) techniques of mutism (3) conversations as sites of solitary confinement (4) amplified lumpen throat (5) how to ingest a microphone (7) "be cruel with your past and those who would keep you there" (8) the telephone as transactions of suffocations.

idée fixe

I've been yodeling.

idée reçue

you hate the yodel.

implosive

the infinite blur is discernible only at the moment of caesura, moment where the oscillation, fibrillation briefly halts. the pause is daunting, it is a gap of infinitesimal magnitude at both ends of the spectrum: from the brevity of the flash, to the longitude of its haunting.

in

some entries can accommodate themselves as exits, others function like trap doors, erasing themselves upon entry.

in again

despair has entered my vocabulary. cozy bastard.

ideas  
die as

index  
digital amputation.

impregnable  
a vocabulary of the elliptical.

impatience  
...